On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus.
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To studie fashions to adorne my bodie,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, Gray,

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his Maie-
Will soone recouer his accustomed health. (stie
Gray In that you boroke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace with quicke and mery words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me.
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloecster,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarrie. *(Enter Buck. Darby*
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham, and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vntó your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Counteesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And

And loues not me, be you good Lo. assurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Dar. I do beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her false accusers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceedes,
From wayward sickenesse, and no grounded malice.
Riu. Saw you the King to day, my Lo, of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham, and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.
Qu. With likelihoode of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfu
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with hi
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attoneme
Betwixt the Duke of Gloecester, and your brothers,
And betwixt them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloc*
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the King?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy Paul they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentions rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abusde,
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this presence speakes your Grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honestie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,